

WANTS. LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE.
100 acres of growing wood and timber, in the town of Greenwood, 2 1/2 miles from Bethel village, extending south from the Albany road.
A. R. TULL, 3w31 West Paris, Me.

WANTED.
A good, live correspondent in every town and village in Oxford county.
Write us. News Publishing Co., 24 Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.
Any one in need of a sewing machine should examine the New Home which can be seen at the store of E. E. Burnham. This machine is new and can be bought at a bargain.
S. N. BUCK.

POP CORN.

One pound of nice Pop Corn all shelled and put up in a neat box for only 10 cents at :: :: ::

HALL'S DRUG STORE.

DIARIES

at cost,

L. C. Hall & Co.

..Pickles..

ALL KINDS—Tomato, Cantiflower, Onion, Mixed, AT PRICES.

R. E. L. FARWELL'S,
Main Street.

"Answer My Letter,"
is the cry you hear from your correspondents. We suspect the reason why you don't write is because you are out of that **PINE TREE LINEN** which you bought last month. We understand why you dislike to use anything else, now. But there is more to it.
RULED. 25c BOX. UNRULED. 35c BOX. ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT.

THE PLACE TO BUY
Fruit
Confectionery
Cigars
Groceries and
Flour,
GUNS AND
AMMUNITION,
—IS AT—
H. M. Farwell's
(Successor to Farwell & Flint.)

WOODBURY & PURINGTON,

Have on Hand
Nice Grades
of

Flour, Corn,
Meal, Bran,

CHICAGO
Gluten
Meal,

LIME, CEMENT,
SALT,

Dry Goods and
Groceries.

Woodbury & Purington, Bethel, Maine.

Notice.
The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of Martha A. Twitchell, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of the said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
ADDISON E. HERRICK.
Dec. 21st, 1897. 3w31

All druggists sell Dr. Miller's Pain Pills.
SPINAL weakness easily cured by Dr. Miller's Nerve Plasters.

DO YOU KNOW THAT IT PAYS TO PUT IN THE NEWS WANT COLUMN?
ONE WEEK 25c. 3-50c.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12, 1898.

Vol. III. No. 33.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

G. P. Bean was in Portland, Saturday.

G. A. Hastings was in Lewiston, Saturday.

Ceylon Rowe was in Portland, Thursday, on business.

E. M. Walker visited his sister in Farmington, last week.

S. I. French and Henry Farwell were at Norway and West Paris, Saturday.

The snow of last week made excellent sledding and every one is improving it.

Charles G. Kimball is scaling the lumber that is being hauled on Sanborn brook.

A large amount of poplar wood and hemlock bark is being shipped from Bethel station.

Miss Clyde Bartlett, Mayville, sang in a concert at Hanover, last Saturday evening.

F. E. Hanscom was in Oxford, last week, to attend the funeral of Mr. Albert Richardson.

Mrs. Sarah Dustin, who has been staying with her brother, J. S. Swan, returned to Portland, last week.

About thirty of our citizens went to Norway, Thursday night, to attend the concert. A very pleasant time is reported.

There are reasons for almost everything, but there are reasonable reasons why so many people are buying Pine Tree Linen.

The selectmen will be in session Saturday afternoon, Jan. 15th, to draw jury men and to attend to any other business that may come before them.

Mr. Bennett C. Snyder is acting as organist at the Universalist church while Miss Billings, their very efficient organist, is enjoying a well-earned vacation.

"It was a Bethel youth of scarcely three summers who startled his mother, recently, by informing her that he was going to the 'Quondik' in the spring to do dig gold."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young and little son visited their parents at Norway and West Paris, last week, and attended the Chapman concert Thursday evening.

It is expected that Mt. Abram Lodge, I. O. O. F., will work the first degree on several candidates next Saturday evening. Let there be a good attendance, as no one can witness this degree without receiving much benefit.

The Edison Kinetoscope Co., will give one of their fine entertainments in Odeon Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 13th: They have with them the famous Cirone Brothers, musical artists, and Mr. F. W. Long, the famous well-known balladist and character comedian, in all making an evening of genuine amusement well worth your time and patronage. Prices, 25 and 35 cents.

B. W. Kimball of Middle Intervale, met with quite a serious accident, recently. He was coming from the woods on a load of wood with one foot hanging at the side of the sled, when, in passing a stump, his foot was caught between the stump and sled, crushing it very badly. It is feared that he will be confined to the house for the winter.

The recitations of the young ladies of the Academy were enjoyed by a goodly number of our citizens, Friday afternoon. They spoke before a committee, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Hamilton, who were to select nine of the best speakers to enter the prize speaking contest. The following were the successful ones: Henrietta Douglas, Minnie Godwin, Florence Carter, Mabel Shaw, Cora Farwell, Alys Perkins, Mildred Stanton, Sarah Chapman, Ethel Sanborn.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

PASSED HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY.

Bethel Citizens Meet To Extend Congratulations To Their Honored Octogenarian.

Hon. E. W. Woodbury, of whom Bethel is justly proud, was pleasantly surprised, Saturday evening, when a large number of his Bethel friends gathered at his home to extend their congratulations to him upon his safe arrival at his eightieth milestone on life's journey. It was to all who were permitted to be present a pleasant occasion, and not only a pleasant occasion, but a rare occasion. Seldom are we permitted to extend our congratulations to a person who has lived such a remarkable life of four score years as has Judge Woodbury. His life should be an inspiration to all who know him, for who would not be satisfied, could



HON. E. W. WOODBURY.

they look into the unknown future and see themselves at this ripe, old age in a position to view the past and behold their life a source of so much joy and sunshine as has always emanated from his pathway.

England is justly proud of Gladstone at eighty-eight; Bethel is not Bethel alone that rejoices in this stanch New Englander. He has ever been a man of affairs. He is well and widely known. His friends are proud of him; yet their first feeling in his presence is not one of pride, but of friendship. Throughout his whole life, he has always been true to the great principles of sincerity and kindness. He has shown himself friendly, and has never lacked for friends. Yet he has not allowed his friendship to lose its quality and meaning through disloyalty to God. He has taken the world as he found it, and he has found it a good world because his affinity is for goodness. He has found God in his world and therefore lived in a spirit of good cheer. In his domestic relations, he has been an affectionate husband and wisely-loving father. He has given the civic consciousness a large place in his thought and feeling and shown himself a citizen with the public good at heart. Yet many as are the public honors he has received, the crowning dignity of his life has been his Christian consciousness. To him, as to his namesake of old, life has been a walk with God. What it has been, it is to-day. He lives in the assurance that this it will ever be. What Gladstone terms the "encroachment of years" has had little effect upon him. His friends delight in honoring him, not only for what he has been, but even more for what he is to-day.

Lowell in his poem upon "The Oak" tells us how the kindly tree subordinates the landscape to itself, as a gem subordinates its setting. It is no extravagant use of language to say that in this wise, the Christian character of Bethel's honored octogenarian subordinates, for the truly appreciative, Bethel's celebrated mountain scenery.

Enoch Webster Woodbury was born in Sweden, Maine, Jan. 13th, 1818. He is descended from the Woodburys who came to this country in about the year 1643. Wm. Woodbury, the Judge's grandfather was captain of a privateer in the war of the Revolution. He captured several prizes, and was himself made a prisoner of war. After the close of the war he became a resident of Bridgton. Andrew Woodbury, the father of the Judge, married Sally Stevens in 1798. They had ten children of whom the subject of this sketch is the only one now living. He attended Bridgton

Academy, and afterward became a teacher. In 1840, he entered mercantile life. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party in 1855. The following year, he was elected to the State Senate, and re-elected in 1857. He took active part in shaping the prohibitory liquor law. In 1859, he was elected to the House of Representatives. In 1861, he was appointed judge of probate for Oxford county, and in 1862, was re-elected. In 1867, he became superintendent of the State Reform School. In May, 1870, he tendered his resignation, but his successor was not appointed for some months. This

pleasant conversation, Rev. Mr. Jordan called the friends to order and said that a large number of congratulations had been sent by those not permitted to attend, but as time would not allow the reading of all of them, he would read but two, sent by Judge Woodbury's two sons. He then read them as follows:

Milford, Jan. 6, 1898.

Dear Father:

It is an old custom, you know, with me, to send birthday letters; not that I am more glad of you on birthdays, but they are days marked by each one of us, and we look back, not only over the more recent three hundred and sixty-five days, but over the series that have come and gone, so I suppose the multiple of tens is a little different from seventy-three or seventy-nine. But I am no more thankful for you than I was on the odd dates, only as the years multiply, each one makes us the more thankful that we have had you in such health and vigor for another year, and that the promise to outward view is, that you may have yet a greater lengthening of days. If your birthday had not occurred on Saturday, we should have used every effort to have looked you in the face and touched your hand; but Sunday immediately follows Saturday, and to supply my pupil means a great deal; then, in addition to that, we are having extra services this week. I do rejoice in all you are and have been, and are to be to your children who know you best of all, have been and are to the community in which you are living, the Commonwealth which has always been your home, and every community, like Wesley's and my own, where you may tarry for awhile.

Honors may be received gratefully for they are expressions of affection, and every expression of appreciation though from the humblest, is a source of gratitude. We are grateful that we can be used by the Master, and these are tokens that He has made use of us. Deeply, however, in the heart is the consciousness that we have offered ourselves to His service, and though our very service seems to us in review as very weak and imperfect in proportion to our prayer and expectation, we rejoice that the exhortation is, that we "faint not." Though we may leave our status very roughly heven, the Great Master himself perfects it beyond even our ideal.

Well, well! what a sermon from a son who delights to sit at your feet as a learner.

The mother would rejoice in the joy of others. Is heaven so ignorant of others that there may not even now be a rejoicing together with us? What a universe of delight has been hers over there with the Master, the past few years! I wonder, if in the kind providence of heaven, the little angels need still, the motherly heart and sympathy that thus God doth minister to the saints through the saints, and so the good children have an added joy in her being with them? Well, one day we shall know. I wonder, if in the kind providence of heaven, the little angels need still, the motherly heart and sympathy that thus God doth minister to the saints through the saints, and so the good children have an added joy in her being with them? Well, one day we shall know. I wonder, if in the kind providence of heaven, the little angels need still, the motherly heart and sympathy that thus God doth minister to the saints through the saints, and so the good children have an added joy in her being with them? Well, one day we shall know.

We wish you many returns of the day. We trust that Saturday may be a day of great pleasure. Affectionately, your son, Webster Woodbury.

Pottsville, Pa., January 5th, 1898.

My dear Mr. Jordan:

I learned through my sister, Mrs. Purington, that you have planned a little surprise for my father's eightieth birthday. I wish I could be present and should most certainly go on, notwithstanding pressing duties here, were it not that I expect him to visit us within the next month. I want, however, to add my congratulations to those of others on the occasion, and to thank you, and through you, all my home friends for this mark of respect and consideration for my father; for any honor or courtesy paid him is doubly appreciated by his children and since my mother's death he has truly been both father and mother to us. As the home circles become more and more contracted by the enlargement of the heavenly, those of us who remain are more and more to each other and stand not only in our own place, but to a certain extent in that of those who have gone also. We crave earthly companionship even as our Master.

Father's life has been full of good works and his duty to his family lovingly and faithfully performed. I appreciate more and more the faithfulness of my father and mother as the years go by.

Those rugged New England principles which I was early taught, have stood me in good stead when I have been sorely tempted to yield to some of the currents of later years. I so well remember those happy evenings in the old Sweden home when as a child, father would play Jackstraws and other innocent games with us. I did not appreciate then as now that he might have taken pleasure in reading to himself had it not been for our good. We did not need to seek outside places of amusement, for our home was the pleasantest place for us and with our parents, and brother, and sisters, we were happy.

There is another phase of our home life that I would not overlook. I never knew family worship to be neglected. I fear that the regular observance of this service is becoming more and more rare, and this phase of modern home life gives me great concern for the neglect of the Word and the calling together of the family, for prayer is bound to show itself in the after life of our children.

Although old in years, father's heart has always remained young, and none love him more dearly than the children, for he enters into their innocent amusements and always has a pleasant smile for them.

I do so wish that Mrs. Woodbury, the children, and myself might be with you all to join in your congratulations and mutual expressions of love and affection, but I must content myself with these expressions of love and thank you personally, and through you, all the other neighbors and friends for their expressions of consideration and affection for one so dear to all his children.

Very sincerely yours,

Wesley K. Woodbury.

Mrs. H. H. Bean was then called upon to recite an original poem which she had prepared for the occasion. The poem was very interesting and would have been given here had we been able to obtain it.

Mr. Jordan then called upon Judge Woodbury for a few words who spoke in part as follows:

FRIENDS: I thank you for this expression of your friendship. Allow me to interpret it as a respect for age and the principles I represent, rather than personal merit of my own. Those beautiful flowers, eighty in number, representing the number of years I have lived, filling the rooms with fragrance and delight, remind me of what life should be. Purity, fidelity, courage, perseverance are the elements of a true life. The many letters, cards, telegram of congratulations, and regrets afford me great pleasure. The superb, illustrated Bible from my oldest son and his wife, is a treasure-house of knowledge and revelation that has been the guiding star of my life. The man, Christ Jesus, is my Ideal. But above and beyond these, I value the six illustrated cards with scripture mottoes, with the box of mottoes, from the children of Rev. A. Hamilton. The former can be purchased with money, but these show me that I am in touch with the children whose presence and development are my delight.

My ambition has not been for great wealth, although God has blessed my efforts beyond my deserts; nor for honors, yet the people have conferred honors unmerited, but for a family that should honor my name and bless the world. God has not disappointed me; my boys are all I could desire, and my girls are your friends and neighbors; you know them. Envy, malice, revenge have never been an element in my relation with my fellowmen. I have positive views on religion, politics, temperance, and business, and have freely expressed them, and assuredly to others the same rights I claimed for myself. I have never allowed any ill will engendered in the heat of discussion or debate to cross the threshold and be carried away. John Quincy Adams, when a member of Congress, was challenged to fight a duel, from a Southerner, for words spoken in debate. He arose from his seat in the House, and read the challenge as a privileged question, and replied: "My motto is, 'No gentlemen would willingly insult me,' and none but a gentleman could," and resumed his seat. I adopted that motto as my own, and have endeavored to live by it.

Friends, I again thank you for these expressions of your friendship. May God give us long and happy life to each of you as he has granted me, and that it may be filled with greater usefulness. I attribute under God, any degree of success that has attended my life, to the woman He gave me as a helpmate, the mother of my children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.]

DON'T FORGET that we are anxious for all the LOCAL NEWS and will gladly receive all you will send.

Something About the Dual Functions of the Human Mind.

J. G. GEHRING, M. D.

Of the many interesting things associated with the functions of the human mind, there are some that are of such everyday occurrence as to be, by their frequency, almost generally unobserved.

It is commonly supposed that memory and consciousness are the same thing; that they go hand-in-hand and that in order to remember a thing, we must at the same time be conscious of that thing—or, in other words, that without consciousness we cannot remember anything.

Now, though it is perfectly true that to be conscious of any past act or thought we must recall it to memory—bring it up again by recollection as an image before the mind,—yet there are far more things in every waking hour of our daily lives, that we remember without consciousness. If this were not true it would be impossible for us to do two or three things at one time, which we frequently do. We could not walk down the street, for instance, and at the same time carry on a conversation with a friend; the conversation absorbs all of our thought, all of our consciousness, but the walking is automatic, done without our being conscious or thinking of it. We could not converse at the table or listen to another whilst eating our dinner, were it not that the eating is done automatically, and we therefore do not need to give it our consciousness but can go on with our conversation. If we tickle the nose of a person asleep, he will sneeze; if we tickle his hand he will close or withdraw it, without being awakened or becoming conscious thereof; the nerve centres of the brain of spinal cord in such cases receive the stimulus produced by the irritation, and send out the impulse to sneeze or withdraw the hand, and no communication takes place with the faculty of consciousness.

A pupil learning to play the piano is obliged to call to mind each note, but later on, when the player has become skillful, he goes through, not such process of conscious remembrance, and his ideas, like the movements of his fingers, are automatic, and both are much more rapid than it would be possible for conscious ideas and movements to be. Indeed, whilst rapidly playing difficult music such a person can carry on a consecutive train of thought and converse upon a foreign subject. A child learning to speak has to remember the meaning of each word and consciously exercise its memory. But we, having learned, do not need to remember the meaning of the common words we are using,—we use them much more rapidly than we could consciously think of them. We all know just what process we must go through to learn anything,—whether it is an infant learning to creep, or to take our first walking steps, or to memorize a "piece to speak" at school, or to teach our hand any kind of skill or cunning.

It is simply a process of repetition. The more prolonged and numerous the repetitions, the more skillfully, and the more automatically and unconsciously we do them. These things are all done so much more easily because of the greater completeness of the memory. Indeed the more sure and perfect memory becomes, the more unconscious it becomes; and when an idea or mental state has become completely organized in our nerve centres, it is revived without consciousness and takes an automatic part in our bodily activity. It is now an undisputed fact, that no impression is made upon our brain or upon any part of our nervous system, without leaving its traces behind; in every nerve cell there is memory, and not only so, but there is memory in every organic element of our body.

Teach any set of muscles a certain movement and they will do that same movement easier every successive time. If there were not present the elements of memory in the nerve and tissue cells involved, the movements would never grow easier but would be equally difficult every time. The virus of certain diseases makes its mark upon the constitution for the rest of life. We may forget it but it will not forget us; though like the memory of an old man it may fade and grow faint with advancing age.

Memory may be said to be the registration upon the body cells of the effects of impressions; the organization of experience; and to recollect is to revive this experience,—to call the organized impressions into functional activity. Accordingly, in a brain that is disorganized by injury or disease, no registration of impressions are ever forgotten; they endure while life lasts; no wave of oblivion can efface their character.

Following out then this line of thought, namely, that no impression of any kind can be made upon our mind or our bodies without being permanently registered,—it may be well to explain that it is not meant that all impressions are necessarily equally deep. The depth or vividness of every impression depends upon the degree to which it is impressed,—whether a strong or light one at the time, or whether it has been one or many times repeated. Generally speaking, the oftener repeated the deeper, as vide the commonest things that we do automatically with our bodies or the mental processes we go through most unconsciously. It is thus, then, that we account for many things otherwise impossible to explain. Our consciousness is impotent to recall all the countless impressions made upon our minds from infancy up. Many of them it is true, we do not need to recall to conscious memory; they are so deep, have been so often repeated, that they go on repeating themselves in response to suitable stimuli, without the intervention of consciousness, which might only serve as a hindrance in many cases. To this class belong all of the automatic, mechanical functions of our daily life.

It is not then through the medium of consciousness, but rather by setting consciousness aside, that we often revive things treasured up in our mental storehouse out of the seemingly forgotten past. A fever, a blow on the head, a poison in the blood, a dream, the agony of drowning, impending death, how many times do not these things,—when for the moment we have lost all knowledge of conscious self—serve to rend the veil between the present consciousness and these inscriptions, and there will come vividly back in a momentary flash, and back, too, with all the freshness of the original experience, much that seemed to have vanished from the mind forever.

In the deepest and most secret recesses of the mind, there is nothing hidden from the individual self or from others, which may not thus sometime be accidentally revealed, so that it may well be as De Quincy somewhere surmised, "The opening of the book of the day of judgment shall be the unfolding of the everlasting scroll of memory."

Wise Sayings.

Who wastes the present hour wastes all the time he has.

Rest is not always rust, but often it is fitting one's self for one's sphere.

Communication with the best minds is the means of making our own minds better.

Hon. E. J. Phelps says: "Whoever never makes a mistake, never makes anything."

In helplessness to others, man best helps himself. Moderation best serves the cause of happiness.

To repress a hard answer, to confess a fault, to stop, whether right or wrong, in the midst of self-defence, in gentle submission—these sometimes require a great struggle for life and death, but these three efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven.—Caroline Gilman.

Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness, keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—F. W. Faber.

Noble Words and Deeds.

When e'er a noble deed is wrought, When e'er a noble thought is thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls Into our inner being rolls, And lifts us unaware Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words and deeds, Thus help us in our daily needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

—Longfellow.

I had the rheumatism so badly that I could not get my hand to my head. I tried the doctor's medicine without the least benefit. At last I thought of Chamberlain's Pain Balm; the first bottle relieved all of the pain, and one half of the second bottle effected a complete cure.—W. J. Holland, Holland, Va. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is equally good for sprains, swellings and lameness, as well as burns, cuts and bruises. For sale at G. R. Wiley's drug store, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant Pond.

Sixteen Years Ago

The Farrington residence, Rockland, Me., was painted with F. W. Devoe & Co's paint. It's still in good condition; so say Farrand, Spear & Co. of that city.

THE BETHEL NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS BY
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,
Cole Block, Bethel, Maine.
E. C. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Matter.
TERMS OF THE NEWS.
One year to any address, \$1.00.
Six months, .60.
Three months, .35.
SINGLE COPIES OF THE NEWS.
Single copies of the News are sent each week for convenience of patrons single copies of each issue for sale at the following places:
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South Paris, W. J. & S. W. Store.
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Rumford Falls, C. G. Gifford.

Bethel, Maine, Jan. 12, 1898.

Word Contest.

The word contest has closed and Walter T. Wight of Bethel, is the fortunate one. He passed in a list of 458 correct words and secured the nice gold watch which we offered. He will have his watch in a few days and will doubtless tell you that it was easily earned.

LOCAL NEWS.

Pine Tree Linn at Hall's drug store.

A. R. Tnell of West Paris was in our village, Monday.

Mrs. O. M. Mason returned from Berlin, Monday afternoon.

Sigman Rosenfeld of Rochester, N. H., spent yesterday in town.

We see D. K. Smith on our streets again taking a well earned vacation.

Ernest Campbell has had the misfortune to cut an ugly gash in his foot.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. J. U. Purington, Thursday afternoon.

The Epworth League will hold a social at the home of Alice Bean, Thursday evening.

Subject at the Universalist church next Sabbath forenoon, "Making the most of things."

Miss Sadie Mason returned to North Bridgton Academy at the commencement of the winter term Jan. 4th.

Miss Susie Twichell has been called to Worcester, Mass., by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Hobbs.

H. R. Farris of Oxford, spent Saturday with F. E. Hanscom; he was on his way to the University of Vermont.

The chair factory which has been shut down for the past few weeks to take account of stock, started up Monday.

The annual chicken pie supper will be held at the Universalist chapel, Tuesday evening at six o'clock, followed by an entertainment upstairs. Tickets to both 25 cents.

At a recent meeting of the Bethel Water Co., the following officers were elected:
President, Enoch Foster.
Clerk and Treasurer, A. E. Herrick.
Directors, G. A. Hastings, Ceylon Rowe, E. W. Woodbury, Elias Thomas, Portland, and F. W. Sisson, of Norway.
Auditors, Ceylon Rowe and F. W. Sanborn.

Many of the chickens left over from Thanksgiving, will be congregated at the Universalist church, Thursday evening, in the form of a "Pie." The afore said "pie" will be comely and fair to look upon. Come ye, to the feast. There will also be entertainment galore.

The Bethel chorus rehearsal last evening was a grand success, it being very large in point of numbers. It shows excellent drill. It will be pleasing to the public when it is learned that the director announces a concert for Thursday, Feb. 10th. Let everybody remember this date and prepare to come.

Last Wednesday, a pretty home wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Barker, when Rev. Israel Jordan united in marriage their daughter Mollie, and Mr. Clarence Newhall Head. The happy couple left on the afternoon Pullman for Massachusetts, their future home, bearing with them the best wishes of many friends.

Last Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Club met with Mrs. Israel Jordan. The ladies considered the advantages and disadvantages of the annexation of Hawaii. Mrs. Clark introduced the topic in a very clear and interesting manner. This assembly might have been mistaken in some respects, for a Congress. Opinions differed and a final decision was not reached at the first session, but the doings of Congress will be eagerly watched this week and some one will probably have an opportunity to clinch her argument with the remark so dear to every feminine heart, "I told you so."

Runaway.
Greenleaf Emery of Sunday river, drove into Dr. Twaddie's doorway yesterday forenoon, and had no sooner alighted from his sleigh than his horse took fright and before Mr. Emery could get the reins, he was off. He ran up Church street, turned the corner at G. P. Bean's store and started down Main street, but feeling at liberty under the circumstances to go where he chose, the side walk was taken just below J. M. Philbrook's residence. Here he found clear sailing until the sleigh came in contact with the hitching post in front of Robertson's furniture store. While the horse was struggling to get clear from the hitching post, he was captured by Wm. Kendall. No harm was done save almost a complete destruction of the sleigh.

S. N. Buck is in town to-day. The Literary Society meets this afternoon with Mrs. Mary C. Bean. Mr. Robert Wheeler, wife, and child have been visiting Mrs. Wheeler's mother.

Duputy Sheriff Penley was called to Grafton this morning, to serve in his official capacity.

The Gould's Academy mixed quartette will sing at the Universalist church Rumford Falls, next Sunday.

J. C. Billings has recently mated his black colt, and now appears out with a matched span which will compare with any span in Oxford county.

Several of Bethel's monstrous dogs are taking their meals at the hotel. They arrange themselves regularly each day in front of the hotel and begin barking until they are noticed, and their repast is brought them. They evidently appreciate the courtesies received at the hands of landlord Lovejoy.

The Gould's Academy mixed quartette, assisted by two Gould's Academy students, will give an entertainment in the new church at West Bethel, Friday evening, Jan. 21st, for the benefit of the church. This quartette is composed of excellent material and is the first one formed from the students of Gould's Academy.

The stock holders of the Bethel Dairymen's Co., held their annual meeting last Saturday, and elected the following officers:

President, J. U. Purington.
Vice President, Calvin Bisbee.
Secretary, G. K. Wiley.
Treasurer, S. B. Twichell.
Directors, J. U. Purington, Calvin Bisbee, Charles Mason, and E. S. Kilborn.

An overdue dividend of six per cent. was paid, Monday.

Nineteen members of the Monhegan Club, accompanied by their patroness, Mrs. Edwin C. Rowe, attended the Blauvelt-Kronold concert last Thursday evening, at Norway. Although the dampness of the atmosphere on the return occasioned the drooping of not a few fine feathers, still this occasion will be recorded in the annals of the club as one of their many pleasant social events of the winter.

It is on record that for the first time in their lives, Major True and his sister have failed to improve the opportunity for a good pun. When vainly remonstrating with a sulky fire, Miss True asked "Is that the *Kilburn wood*?" It was left for a quick-witted, clerical guest to remark, "Possibly the name has something to do with it." Truly Homer does occasionally nod.

The Columbian Club met with Mrs. Chandler on Saturday afternoon, and held one of the most enjoyable meetings in the Club annals. Subject, Grecian Architecture, treated by Miss Cross in a manner that showed a thorough study of the subject. Topics for the next meeting, which will be held at the home of Mrs. Herrick. Topics, Domestic Life of Athenians under Pericles. Eschylus, with selections from "Prometheus Bound." Description of the Propylaea and Erechtheum. Early Roman architecture.

The Bethel chair factory held its annual meeting yesterday, and elected the following officers: Pres., J. H. Barrows; Sec., J. U. Purington; Asst. Sec., F. H. Young; Treas., E. C. Park; directors, J. H. Barrows, J. U. Purington, C. Bisbee, E. C. Rowe, W. V. Hastings, E. C. Park and H. G. Brown. The annual reports show an increase of sales of \$8000 over those of 1886. The Company have over the best line of chairs they have ever had and intend to push the business to its fullest extent the present year. The mill manufactured 600 cords of birch the present winter besides a large quantity of spruce.

The W. C. T. U. held a "Mothers' Meeting" at the home of Miss Cross, Tuesday afternoon. The hour was very deeply interesting; the topic of training children was opened by Mrs. Hamilton, which led up to a real heart-to-heart talk from all present. When the hour of adjournment came, all testified to the helpfulness in the exchange of thought and in the future, "Mothers' Meeting" will be looked forward to as one of the most interesting. A good number not members, were present and were most welcome and gave helpful thoughts from their own experience. The ladies are cordially invited to come in to the meetings whether members or not, and may be assured of a warm welcome.

Added Tribute.
The well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Wornell in the News of last week, found a response in the hearts of many. But in addition one beautiful trait of her character is recalled, as worthy of remembrance and as an example. Not only was she ready in kind offers to her fellow creatures in need, but also to our so-called humbler brethren. No stray dog or cat was driven away unfed from her door, and her pity and indignation at the sight of neglected horses shivering in the cold, found expression not only in words, but in active interference for their protection. When so much indifference to their suffering and cruelty in their treatment are manifested towards the lower animals, it is refreshing to meet with such an example of an opposite kind as that of our much regretted friend.

Runaway.
Greenleaf Emery of Sunday river, drove into Dr. Twaddie's doorway yesterday forenoon, and had no sooner alighted from his sleigh than his horse took fright and before Mr. Emery could get the reins, he was off. He ran up Church street, turned the corner at G. P. Bean's store and started down Main street, but feeling at liberty under the circumstances to go where he chose, the side walk was taken just below J. M. Philbrook's residence. Here he found clear sailing until the sleigh came in contact with the hitching post in front of Robertson's furniture store. While the horse was struggling to get clear from the hitching post, he was captured by Wm. Kendall. No harm was done save almost a complete destruction of the sleigh.

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SELL YOUR EYES?

No, you would not for any amount if you stopped to think about it, and yet are you not selling them for the price of a pair of spectacles if you go without glasses when your eyes trouble you? Did you ever think of it in that light before?

Come in and see how much I can improve your vision by a pair of carefully fitted glasses.

No charge for examination, and no charge for glasses if not all satisfactory. That is fair. Try me before going elsewhere. I can save you money.

SILVER IS CHEAP--

How cheap you can judge by pricing my line of silverware. WEDDING PRESENTS at all prices. Just remember this the next time you want to give one. You can find something in my stock that will suit both your wants, be they ever so great, and your pocket book, be it ever so small.

Duplicates bought of me will be cheerfully exchanged if desired.

EDWARD KING,

Jeweler and Optician,
CROSS BLOCK, NEXT TO POST OFFICE
BETHEL, ME.

Miss Mayo's Evening Class.

The dozen ladies who had their first lesson in Physical Culture, Delsarte, and Elocution last Monday night, went to their homes all aglow with enthusiasm. To see their defects and the corresponding remedies was both an eye-opener and a tonic!

So much valuable instruction was given upon so many points that Miss Mayo was asked to give a thorough review upon the second evening, which will enable those not fortunate enough to be there the first evening, to take a fair start with the class. Beauty of coloring fades away, but beauty of form and bearing remain as long as life lasts. Who has not seen women, who, without beauty, have the charm that one calls "presence," and who are singled out and remembered when mere pretty faces are forgotten.

To keep oneself elastic and free in motion, to correct grave faults that endanger health, and to overcome defects of gait, standing and sitting positions, with a voice culture, are the aims of this class, which is only one among hundreds organized for this purpose all over New England. It is said that twelve lessons in Delsarte betray the pupil forever more; that observing people detect it as a woman walks upon the street, goes up a stair-case or seats herself. Let us lie to the Academy every Monday night, and with infinite fun and frolic learn wherein lies the mystery.

RUMFORD.

Bert Haynes and wife are visiting relatives in Rumford. Mrs. V. E. Fuller is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Adams.

Greenleaf Goodwin of Rumford Falls, is working for W. W. Stevens and is going to school.

Mrs. Caroline Graham broke her leg, last week. She has been a cripple for the past two years from the result of a broken bone.

Mrs. W. W. Stevens, who has been caring for her husband since his injury, has returned to Boston. Mr. Stevens is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Susan H., wife of Geo. T. Farrar, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Richardson, at Rumford Point, Jan. 4th, aged sixty-nine years and eleven months. She leaves a husband, five daughters, and two sons, by whom she has been kindly cared for during her long suffering. She was buried at Rumford Center.

Officers of the Post installed by Frank Martin, Past Com. were: E. F. Elliott, Com.; E. E. Stevens, S. E. Com.; Benj. S. Newton, J. V. Com.; Henry M. Colby, Adj't.; John Martin, Q. M.; John P. Bennett, Surg.; Chas. H. Tripp, Chap.; W. S. Howe, O. D.; Geo. F. Farrar, O. G.; J. V. Silver, S. M.; Chas. H. Stevens, G. S. M.

The following officers were installed by the Dept. Pres. at W. R. O. Hall, Rumford Center, Jan. 8th, at a joint installation with the G. A. R.: Nancy J. Colby, Pres.; Mira M. Elliott, S. V. P.; Hattie Tripp, V. P. P.; Annie Abbott, Treas.; Eliza J. Martin, Sec.; Mary J. F. Colby, Chap.; Huldah Newton, Con.; Mary J. Pratt, Guard. Katie E. Hewey was elected delegate to State Convention, and Mrs. Kate Newton, alternate.

Didn't Alarm Him.

Pastor (at bedside of dying man)—Henpe, do you not dread the king of terrors?
Mr. Henpe—No; can't say that I do. I've been living with the queen of terrors for thirty years.—Washington Times.

I have at length learned by my own experience (for not one in twenty profits in the experience of others) that one great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for the sources of satisfaction we might have had in the interim, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may, perhaps, never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure.

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

We want not time, but diligence, for great performances.—Dr. Johnson.

Our Young Readers.

A Kiss through the Telephone.

BY JOHN DIERIE.

The Telephone, I am sorry to hear,

Rang "Tinkly, tinkly-tink!"

I put my ear

Close up to hear,

And what did I hear, do you think?

"Papa, hello!"

"Tis time you know!"

The voice of my own little Miss:

"You went away

From home to-day,

And you never gave me—a kiss!"

"It was a mistake,

I was not awake

Before you went out of the house;

I thought there was a kiss

Would not be amiss

If I gave it as sly as a mouse!

"So here goes, papa,

And one from mamma,"

And another when you come home;

Just answer me this,

Is it time to kiss

When you went through the dear telephone?"

"Hello!" I replied,

With fatherly pride,

"I've got them as snug as can be;

I'll give them all back,

With many a smack,

Whenever I come home to tea!"

EDDIE'S SCHOLAR.

"If you don't a' first flaxseed,

Try, try a den!"

So sang Bessie, in a sweet, high

key, as she came hopping down

the stairs. Just as she reached

the last syllable and the last stair,

she gathered up all her strength

for a good jump, which gave a

very decided emphasis to the closing

note. Bessie liked it so much

that she stepped on the stair for

another jump, this time illustrating

her song by trying to reach the

mat that lay before the library

door.

"If you don't a' first flaxseed,

Try, try a den!"

And the two slipped feet landed

in the center of the mat.

At the farther end of the library,

curled up in the big arm-chair,

was brother Eddie, who was older

than Bessie by ten years or so.

Dear Eddie, usually so strong and

rosy, was now pale and weak from

a severe fever; and it was only

within two or three days that he

had been allowed to come down

stairs. Peeping in at the door

and spying him looking

rather lonely and woe-begone,

Bessie ran across the room, and

speedily seated herself on the arm

of his chair.

"Now, Eddie," said Bessie, opening

her primer, bright with colored

pictures, "tell me what nat is."

And she pointed her tiny finger at

the capital I.

"That is an I, Bessie."

"Not same kind of eyes we

wear?"

Eddie laughed and twisted one

of his little sister's bright curls

around his finger.

"No, chickie, that is the letter I."

"O Eddie!"

Eddie laughed and looked

flirting over the leaves, till she

came to another page; "that's a p I

know, 'cause it sticks down as it

you; and that's round O, isn't it?"

pointing to the opposite page.

"Look at it again, Bessie. It

isn't O; it is Q. Don't you see it

has a little tail to it down this right

side?"

"Oh, yes! Like my bunny's

tail! You are Mister Q. are you?

And there's A," turning to the

first page. "But, Eddie, what is

that little fellow squatting down

by A?"

"Why, that is a baby, a chickie.

He hasn't grown up yet. He

doesn't look like his mamma.

Do you think you would know him

anywhere else?"

"Little a, little a," repeated

Bessie, looking intently at the letter.

"Spec' I know you aden?"

"Oh, yes, Eddie," she cried,

triumphantly, "cause he has a

little head to him, just like mam-

ma's crinshay needle!"

"See if you can find a little 'a' in

this," said Eddie, giving her the

story book he had finished a few

minutes before.

Bessie looked carefully down

the page, but her unpractised eyes

were slow to discover one of the

many little 'a's that were so plentiful.

But she did find something

else which delighted her.

"O, Eddie!" she exclaimed, with

a little scream, "see nat mite of a

earring!"

Eddie looked where the tip of

Bessie's finger lay; and there

sure enough, just above it was

Bessie's "earring,"—the little

mark used after a question, and

called an interrogation point. Eddie

tried to explain to Bessie that

it was not a letter, but I doubt if

she understood it very well. Her

mamma had come in a moment

before, and now stood behind

Eddie's chair, watching the bright

face of the little pupil.

"I think we shall have to send

her to school before long. How

would you like that dearie?"

Bessie shook her curly head,

and nestled it down on Eddie's

shoulder, as much as to say,

"This is all the school I want."

"Tell you what, mamma, I'll

teach her the letters myself be-

fore she goes. I guess she'll

know them all first-rate by the

time I'm well enough to go again."

Mamma stroked her dear boy's

head, and said with a smile:

"Do you remember, when we

first talked of sending you to school, how indignant you were? "What do I want to go to school for? I don't know how to read!" you said."

Eddie laughed as he answered: "Well, mamma, chickie shall not have that excuse for not wishing to go to school. At least she shall know her letters."

And so well

